

THIS PAGE IS PLANNED TO INTEREST THE HOME CIRCLE

Lansburgh & Bro.

SATURDAY'S

TRADE BRINGERS.

Saturday is a long day. We keep open from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. We want to put every moment of that time to good use.

Here are inducements for you:

SPECIAL

In Men's Hosiery.

200 dozen Men's Cotton Hosiery, heavy weight, absolutely seamless, made strong and durable and quite elastic. The colors are gray, brown or tan mixtures. A most excellent stocking for durability and wear.

For 15c pair.

\$1.25 Kid Gloves,

79c.

Ladies' 4-button Glove in tan, brown, mode and black. Fine plaid kid.

For 79c pair.

Four-button Plaid Gloves in red and tan. Regular value \$1.35.

For 98c pair.

\$1.50 4-button French Kid Gloves in choice shades of tan, brown, mode and black, also canary, white and pearl.

For \$1.19 pair.

Ribbon Specials.

4-inch All Silk Warp Print Ribbon, new effects and shading. Worth 60c yd.

For 50c yd.

4-in All Silk Warp Print Persian Ribbon with satin stripe; the latest designs and colorings. Worth 65c yd.

For 59c yd.

5-in. All Silk Warp Print Dresden Ribbon in all the new effects and colorings. Worth 55c yd.

For 65c yd.

Hosiery Specials.

Ladies' Hermsdorf Black Cotton Hose, with white feet.

For 25c pair.

Ladies' Hermsdorf Black Cotton or Lisle Hose in Richelieu or Rembrandt rib.

For 25c pair.

Ladies' 35c. Hermsdorf Black Hose, high spliced heels and double soles.

For 29c pair.

Ladies' Hermsdorf Black Lisle Hose in Rembrandt rib.

For 39c pair.

Ladies' Open Work Lisle Hose, lace effect, Hermsdorf Black. Worth 65c.

Now 50c pair.

Handkerchief Bargains.

Gents' All Linen Colored Bordered Handkerchiefs. Worth 25c.

Now 12½c.

Gents' Plain Hemstitched Handkerchiefs; all pure linen, unbleached. Worth 18c.

Now 12½c.

Ladies' Sheer Lawn Embroidered Handkerchiefs. Worth 18c. and 25c.

For 12c.

Ladies' All Linen Hand-embroidered Handkerchiefs, hemstitched. Worth 35c.

Now 25c.

Infants' Wearables

Reduced.

One lot 25c. Hand-knitted Booties, with fancy borders of light blue and pink.

For 12½c.

Infants' Socks, made of all wool flannel, embroidered in light blue and pink silk, large sleeves, turn over collar.

Special price, 39c.

Lansburgh & Bro.

420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

Fresh Laid Eggs.

You cannot improve on a nice fresh egg—the trouble is to get fresh ones. We look after that. Our Eggs are put up in one dozen neat paper boxes, and every egg is guaranteed fresh. The price is no higher than others ask for inferior quality.

WILKINS & COMPANY.

Square Marble and Glass Stands, Center Market.

Mr. Christie & Wagner of No. 411 Second street, southwest, Washington, says: "I took two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility and dyspepsia and it did me a great deal of good. It is also a splendid appetizer."

UNDERTAKERS.

J. WILLIAM L. UNDERTAKER.

833 Pa. Ave. N. W.

First-class service. Phone, 1203.

DIED.

CROCKEN—Entered into rest March 4, 1896, at 6:00 p. m., Herbert L., beloved husband of Jessie Marks Crocken.

Funeral from his late residence, 619 Seventh street, southeast, Saturday at 3 p. m.

NEWBELL—On Friday, March 6, 1896, at 7 a. m., after a lingering illness, Mary Ann Newbell, mother of Mrs. J. O. Bond, Washington, D. C.



WELL-GROOMED WIVES.

They Are the Ones Who Retain Their Husband's Admiration.

IT IS COMMONLY SAID THAT the woman who looks like a failure is largely to blame for her own unhappiness. The belief is general that when she ceases to hold the admiration of her husband she has as a preliminary ceased to be the attractive, well-groomed woman who won his heart. She is, perhaps, less particularly about keeping her hands daintily manicured and her hair fluffy and fresh from a weekly shampoo. It is just possible that her foot-gear had become a matter of less earnest consideration, and that possibly her skirt braids and facings are not so invariably immaculate.

There is as much in being well-groomed after as before marriage, and the wise and happy woman considers these little things.

WOMAN'S WEAPON.

It Is Not Beauty But an Individual Charm That Wins.

SINCE the world began woman has been accused of vanity, and while admitting that she does possess her share of the not exclusively feminine failing, the impartial observer must acknowledge that, as a rule, even the most beautiful women are dissatisfied with their own appearance. The statuesque woman, "divinely tall, divinely fair," envies the petite, fluff-haired blonde, while the said blonde would give half her curls for two inches of her Juno-like sister's height.

But, after all, blue eyes or brown eyes, Grecian nose or pug nose, what does it matter? The charm of woman lies not in beauty, but in individuality. If she could not be brought to understand that fact it isn't the details that count; it is, as Trilby says, "the altogether"—her carriage, her manner, her voice, her expression; in short, herself, that makes or unmakes her charm.

It is the woman, then, that has the courage to be herself that attracts. Originals are so much more desirable than copies, no matter how accurate the copy may be. If it be natural to wear one's hair in careless fashion, by all means do so. Nature is never mistaken. But let

the engagement is announced of Miss Daisy Cohen to Alex. Blumberg, at home, Sunday, March 8.

Mrs. Irving Winslow of Boston completed her course of readings at the residence of Professor and Mrs. Cable yesterday afternoon. The subject of the course was "Early English Women Novelists."

Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Lincoln entertained at dinner last night in honor of Justice and Mrs. Peckham. Other guests were the late minister, Gen. and Mrs. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. George Lathrop Bradley, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Audenreid and Dr. T. Morris Murray.

Miss Lillie Linn, of Linwood, Md., who has been spending several weeks in this city, leaves this evening for Raleigh, N. C., to be the guest of Mrs. T. R. Jones.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

Are the Wonderful Things We Hear About Them True?

THE young woman of the present generation who ventures to be a housewife or a "mamma" is immediately confronted by indignant critics with her grandmother. If her grandmother is living, the fact of her continued existence is made to tell, and if she sleeps with her fathers, her grandchild is confronted with her ghost, and the ghost is endowed with as many excellencies as those with whom Betsy Trotwood endowed the niece who was never born. And as poor David Copperfield was reproached with the virtues of his imaginary sister, so the grandchild of the period is reproached with the ghostly perfections of her grandmother, who never had a headache—at least, according to tradition—but who, on the contrary, was a model of physical perfection.

It comes to the testimony of those who saw the grandmother in the flesh—that is "another story." The Abbe Robin, chaplain in Rochambeau's army during the revolution, wrote of American women in 1782: "They are all tall and well proportioned, their complexions are generally regular, their features are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty-five or forty they are wrinkled and decrepit."

And the chevalier Louis Felix de Beauvoir, after praising the beauty of American women to the skies, says: "At the age of twenty-five their form changes, and at thirty the whole of their charms have disappeared." These observations were no mere hasty travels, but had lived here for years, and their verdict is that the women of nearly a hundred years ago showed a fragile beauty and early decline, which this end of the century damed with her athletic record and her prolonged youth would scorn.

Every child in Washington will want "The Brownies," the complete thought presented with next Sunday's Times.

S. Kann, Sons & Co.

8th and Market Space.

SPECIAL

Sale of Remnants

Tomorrow,

—ALSO—

2,000

Pillow Cases

Well made, size 34x42.

5c.

Third Floor—Domestic Department.

S. Kann, Sons & Co.

8th and Market Space.

"Pure and Sure."

Cleveland's

BAKING POWDER.

Biscuit, cake, pot pies and buns,

Dumplings, puddings, Sally Luns,

Muffins, waffles, griddle cakes,

The very best it always makes

THANKS TO THE BICYCLE.

It Has Shown Women How to Dress Properly.

WINTER cycling has done one good thing for women; it has revolutionized their ideas in regard to underwear, says the New York Sun. The countryman who came to town and remarked, on seeing nothing on the bed set aside for him by his rich host but one light blanket and an elderly quilt, "Well, I'll be glad to sleep in that," was not so very far wrong. For many years physicians and dress reformers have considered that the majority of women had their health by not dressing warmly enough, and now they are saying that the bicycle is rapidly changing this bad habit. This is especially true of those women who make a practice of riding in cold weather.

The dress adopted by the average woman is a light weight, but all-wool union suit, woolen stockings, heavy woolen tights, and a sweater, in addition to the cycling suit, which is made of winter material. Clothed in this way they should suffer very little from the cold.

The wind we find quite annoying," said one girl, "and the mud quite impassable, but outside of those two elements the day can't come cold enough to keep a rapid spin from being healthful, invigorating and charming."

Men have always been more sensible than women in the matter of underwear, and this is probably due to the fact that convention in dress with them does not find warm flannels in the way. They claim that the only additional garment a man requires for winter cycling is a heavy sweater. However all this may be, one thing is certain, that winter cycling is here, and the wheel people, no matter whether they spin around in a well-heated academy or drink in the joy air in the parks, are all unanimous in thinking and saying that it has come to stay.

WOMEN AS POSTER PAINTERS.

It They Lack Creative Genius, at Least They Are Inspirational.

MONEY and fame are awaiting the woman who can project, draw or paint a poster of the sort desired by the modern advertiser. The assertion is made that no woman has attained the evidence achieved by man in the poster art, and but few women have been able to catch the peculiar artistic qualities needed to produce a successful poster. The characteristics that make a desirable poster are, in brief, bold

drawing, skillful coloring and originality. A perfect faith in my sisterhood's originality—although some poor, undeveloped men allege that women have no creative genius—and I am also willing to "bank" on their expert and able, if not masterful, handling of colors. But—alas! that there should be a but—I am not "dead sure" to put it elegantly, that the lines that may compose their posters will be drawn with a free, bold, forceful stroke, and have the requisite value, significance and character. I am eagerly willing to have some artistic sister prove that I need have no fear, and that a feminine poster maker will not fail in constructive lines, which should be decided, spirited, purposeful, yet combine with strength, grace and beauty in a strikingly attractive form.

If no woman does paint a poster that will make the whole world gaze, there will be cause for grieving. For all of us enlightened folk know there has never been a poster made that was not inspired by woman, from whom man, consciously or unconsciously, absorbed his inspiration and ideas. This, you know, is according to the jolly theory that Nature intended there should be a most delightful spirit of camaraderie between man and woman. Canning, motherly old Nature declares "the greater constructive force in the world is masculine, and the refining, inspirational force is feminine, and the feminine force or mind is a necessary and inevitable part of the masculine force or mind." All of which is preachy enough to be true, even if it does not convince the anaemic scuffer that behind every successful "poster-making man" there has been somewhere, seen or unseen, a woman as his inspirer.

March.

March, a merry, balustrade chap,

Round the corner whistling,

Make the window with a rap,

Make the window with a rap,

Sets the straw stacks bristling;

Fills the air with whirling snow,

Sends the sleek storm stinging;

Scatters clouds that cover low,

Wakes the meadow larks, and so

Fills the air with singing.

—Good Housekeeping.

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"Diamond" \$2 Shoes

For Women Only.

They rank among \$2 shoes as our "FOOT FORMS" do among the \$3 ones—at the least.

They fit the foot. The comfort last—the soft upper that gives that mellow, wholesome feeling which should have the heavy sole that protects the foot in hot and cold weather will lead to keep the foot healthy and comfortable.

Have you tried the "LITTLE ROCKS" for children? \$2 for 12 pairs of \$1.00 shoes.

If you mention this "ad," and buy before 10 o'clock we will give you two car tickets.

LANGLOIS,

Foot Form Shoe Shop,

F and 13th Streets.

THE DAY'S DISH.

How to do it.

THIS is a Scotch dish. Stuff a young fowl with a savory real forcemeat and truss it as for roasting. Put it into a stewpan with a close-fitting cover, adding four ounces of butter, half a pint of stock, three sprigs of parsley and one of thyme, six small onions, salt, pepper, a bay leaf, and one clove. Simmer until the chicken is tender, but when half cooked add another half pint of gravy or stock. Have ready some cooked spinach pressed into balls. Put the fowl on a dish; lay the balls of hot spinach around, with a poached egg on top of each, and pour the gravy over.

AMATEUR ENAMELING.

A BIT of cloisonne enamel, perhaps a small vase or pitcher, is always a pretty ornament. Cloisonne is rather expensive, and if you have inherited some, no hard any thrust upon you by your friends, you may acquire it at a trifling outlay of time and money.

In fact, if you are clever, you can make cloisonne yourself, perhaps not quite as well as the old Chinese, but well enough to satisfy yourself and deceive the very elect, for not even the most cloisonne-minded individual can discover the difference, that is, at long range.

LAYING OUT THE WORK.

The delicate tracery of fine gold or silver wire, filled in with plates of rich, deep colors, like mosaic, is imitated quite successfully. First one must buy the pottery—vase, say—which is sold with suitable patterns already modeled upon it, all of which are quite flat, like mosaic. The pottery resembles ordinary cream-colored terra cotta, and is not very strong.

A good-sized camel's hair brush is used.

DETAILS OF DECORATION.

The next process is to put in the outlines of the design with metallic paint. This represents one of the main characters of the genuine cloisonne. The gold is in the form of powder, which must be mixed to the proper consistency with some of the thickest oil with it. It should be mixed as dry as possible, and laid on with a very fine camel's hair brush in all the outlines of the pattern, which it will be found, are sunk into rather lower relief than the rest of the design. The gold paint should be laid on with a camel's hair brush, and the surface of the remainder of the plate. Gold is most frequently used for this purpose, but copper, bronze and silver are also to be had.

FINE EFFECTS.

When the work is thus far advanced it must be laid aside until it is once more dry, as when coloring is begun. The colors are sold in tiny cans. More than fifty shades are to be had, the paler ones being used principally for backgrounds, the darker and richer tints serving for the main portions of the design. A delicate touch is necessary, that the colors may not be broad beyond the metallic outlines. The object, of course, is to get the color as smooth and glossy as actual china.

If an especially brilliant effect is desired this may be obtained by scattering metallic powder over certain portions of the painting.

The worker should paint those parts of the pattern to be thus ornamented first, after gilding the outlines. The colors or enamels must not be thinned with turpentine, but with a special mixture, a thinning medium sold for the purpose, which has no bad effect upon the brightness of the colors.

MARCH BREEZES.

EASTER novelties are beginning to appear.

THE poke bonnet will be revived this summer.

WHY is it you never manage to tear an old gown?

THE new passementeries are something truly gorgeous.

DELFT fancy costumes for mikemore balls are in great favor.

GREAT masses of bloom at the back of the new hats seems to be a distinctive novel mode.

LEAP year theater parties give young women the privilege of paying their escorts' tickets.

TIE, white chiffon veiled about in black is as great a favorite these days as it was in mid-summer weather.

REAL Dresden lacquer mirrors in blue and pink cost \$8.50.

WIND seems to have more terrors for fair promenaders than below zero temperature.

A WHITE leather belt, besprinkled with tiny Dresden flowers and fastened with a gold buckle, is the newest conceit in waist girdles.

PIQUE coats for wee ladies are among the advance summer styles.

BLACK and white striped gowns combined with color are wonderfully chic.

Every child in Washington will want "The Brownies," the complete theater presented with next Sunday's Times.

EGGS GUARANTEED 12½c doz.

at any STAND only.

8 Street Market, 5th and A, Friday and Saturday.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

Superstition is as ripe in the Parlor as in the Kitchen.

"MY BELIEFS run to days," frankly admitted a woman who in the pink tea gown was trying to pose as Bernhardt. "Every woman who entertains is sure there is one day in the week on which she can have no success in any undertaking. My day is Thursday, but, then, I know lots of women who never make any positive engagements for Saturdays."

"Saturday is a very black day in society life, and there are numbers of otherwise sensible individuals who will never entertain on the day of the week on which some member of their family has died, just as there are those who, having once worn a gown to a funeral, will promptly give the whole costume away. Moreover, some girls I know feel there are certain garments in which they always meet with ill-luck."

"It may be a pair of pretty stockings, or gloves, or a dainty petticoat that shows signs of being hoodooed, and once the evil genius is accurately fixed on the accused garment, off it goes, and usually the possessor burns it, or gives it to some girl she has a grudge against."

"Now, of course," continued the parlor Bernhardt, solemnly, "you all know that using a cracked mirror brings wrinkles, and why have jewelers never been able to make the topic popular? It is because the majority believe that directly you take to wearing those yellow stones you will have a rival. The old superstitions about opals are passing out, but a woman is found to be fickle in her affections if she wears a turquoise. The signs of bad luck are the kind one is apt to notice most carefully, and no girl with a care for her looks ever clips her hair ends on the dark of the moon or in the month of May at all."

"It's the worst possible luck to lay an umbrella on a bed or a divan, and it is a fair warning of some impending misfortune when a picture falls."

"I really know of many cases where dreaming of water frequently has been followed by the death of friends, and all women seriously look for wedding cards in the mail after dreaming on real graveyard subjects. It is recognized to be bad luck to go back on your footsteps for a thing forgotten, and the girl who stumbles on her way upstairs understands that, in spite of leap year, her matrimonial prospects are over for twelve months."

TOO ZEALOUS.

THEY had just returned from their honeymoon.

Of course, when George settled back in his old bachelor apartment with this innocent sweetheart flitting about him like an ever-present deity, he did not feel like stirring out of the house for three days, but contented himself with billowing and cooling to his heart's desire, telling himself over and over again that he was the most happy man in the world.

On the fourth day he thought he must go down to the club and see a few old friends and give them his advice on matrimony, pointing it in glowing terms. When he got back it was nearly time for dinner, and as he came into the darkened hallway the sweet little bride greeted him with as much enthusiasm as if he had been on a cruise to South Africa and had just escaped with his life. "A good old darling," rippled on the little bird fluttering about him so prettily, "I have just been working as hard as ever I can. I have tidied up your musty-melling old library, you know, and all that, and I am sure you will scarcely know the place."

George's heart stopped beating for an instant. "Yes," he said, weakly.

"Yes, indeed, dearie, I cleaned up your desk and burned up a lot of old bills for wine and stuff that you bought to sell on commission, I suppose."